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# THOUGHTS IN VERSE

FOR

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

"I LOVE THEM THAT LOVE ME ; AND THOSE THAT SEEK ME EARLY  
SHALL FIND ME."—*Prov. viii. 17.*

LONDON :

HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO., 33, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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1859.

LONDON:  
MARY S. RICKERBY, PRINTER, 73, CANNON STREET.  
E. C.



TO  
THE CHILDREN  
WHOSE MERRY THOUGHTS AND WORDS  
HAVE OFTEN GLADDENED MY HEART,  
THESE GRAVER THOUGHTS  
ARE IN RETURN  
GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

Dedicated.

J. B.



.

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## NOTICE

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THE writer of this little book, an attached member of the Church of England, is desirous that it should appear under the sanction of a Minister of that Church. Such sanction I gladly and cordially give it. The Poems, though some of them are perhaps rather beyond the capacity of young children, will, in general, be found useful to them, and they will be valued by Christian Parents for the simplicity with which they set forth some of the great principles of our holy religion.

“ Dim or unheard, the words may fall,  
And yet the heaven-taught mind  
May learn the sacred air, and all  
The harmony unwind.”

JOHN PURTON.

OLDEBURY RECTORY,

*September 18th, 1859.*

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THOUGHTS IN VERSE  
FOR  
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

---

*The Love of Christ.*

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS, THAT A MAN LAY  
DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIENDS."—John xv., 13.

**T**hou often hear of Jesus, dear,  
But do you love Him too?  
He left His Father's happy home,  
And came to die for you—  
That home where sorrow never comes,  
Where sin is all unknown,  
Where angels fly to do His will,  
And worship round His throne.


He came into this world of sin,—  
Oh, what a change from heaven!  
Such love no earthly friend can give  
As Jesus Christ has given.



He took the nature of a child,  
And childish sorrows knew ;  
Was scourged, and suffered cruel wrong,  
And death itself, for you.


Yes, for your sins He bore the cross,  
Though not for your's alone,  
A mother loves each little child  
As if she had but one ;  
And so the Saviour loves us all  
With more than mother's love,  
And died that we might live with Him  
In His own home above.

Oh, wonderful, most wonderful,  
The love of Christ our Lord !  
For ever, and for ever, be  
His blessed name adored !  
Let us, then, love Him fervently,  
And freely give Him all,—  
Our time our talents, and our hearts,  
Our best, however small.



## The Child's Difficulty.

"WHOM, HAVING NOT SEEN, YE LOVE."—1 Peter i., 8.

 wish to love my blessed Lord ;  
I know He died for me,  
But sometimes it seems hard to love  
One whom we cannot see.  
Will you not tell me, dear mamma,  
How best I may incline  
My heart to love that Saviour dear  
Who gave His life for mine ?

You cannot do it of yourself ;  
The very will to love  
Is one of those most precious gifts  
Which come from God above ;  
And He who gives the earnest wish  
Will not withhold the power,  
If, trusting in His promised help,  
You seek it hour by hour.

And you must read the history  
Of how He lived on earth ;  
Read of His tender thought and care  
For her who gave Him birth.  
Think how, in weariness and pain,  
He minister'd to men ;  
Oh, meditate upon His life,  
And you will love Him then.

Remember, He is still the same,  
As faithful, good, and kind,  
As when He raised the dead to life,  
And cured the sick and blind.  
And though you cannot see Him now,  
Or hear His gentle words,  
No earthly presence is so near  
As your ascended Lord's.

He listens to the very thoughts  
That stir within your heart ;  
In every sorrow that you have,  
He bears a brother's part.  
And you may speak to Him in prayer,  
And tell Him all you feel,

His human heart will sympathize,  
His loving touch will heal.

Ask for His guidance—He will choose  
The best and safest way ;  
He will direct your steps aright,  
And hear you when you pray ;  
Till in the fulness of His love  
All earthly sorrows cease,  
And in His everlasting arms  
You find eternal peace.

---

### Self-Denial.

"THEN SAID JESUS UNTO HIS DISCIPLES, IF ANY MAN WILL COME  
AFTER ME, LET HIM DENY HIMSELF, AND TAKE UP HIS CROSS,  
AND FOLLOW ME."—Matt. xvi., 24.

Our Saviour pleased not Himself,  
His was no life of ease ;  
And all who bear His name, must seek  
*Him*, not themselves, to please.

Thrice happy they, who, following  
The way in which He led,  
Deny themselves, and willingly  
The path of suffering tread.

Yes, we must daily bear our cross,  
We must not shrink from pain,  
If, in a better world than this,  
We hope with Him to reign.


Our first desire must ever be  
To glorify the Lord,  
To crucify the flesh, and live  
Obedient to His word.

It is not easy so to live :  
His holy will requires  
That we control our very thoughts,  
And check all wrong desires.

Yet, let us never be afraid ;  
Strength will be surely given ;  
And on the path of duty shines  
A beacon-star from heaven.

## Sunshine and Rain.

"THE RAIN COMETH DOWN, AND THE SNOW FROM HEAVEN, AND RETURNETH NOT THITHER, BUT WATERETH THE EARTH, AND MAKETH IT BRING FORTH AND BUD, THAT IT MAY GIVE SEED TO THE SOWER, AND BREAD TO THE EATER."—Isaiah lv., 10.

 God sends the sunshine and the rain,  
Each has its work to do ;  
And while we love the sunny days,  
We need the dark ones too.

Clouds drop in blessings on the earth,  
Quickening this world of ours ;  
Where would its life and verdure be,  
Without the freshening showers ?

Even the stormy wind and hail,  
The mist, and driving snow,  
Has each its mission to fulfil,  
Of which we little know.

So, Christian child, it is not meet,  
In this, *thine* earthly life,  
That thou should'st be exempt from pain,  
Trouble, and inward strife.


The gentle tears of penitence  
Must water well thy heart ;  
The heavy thunder-cloud of grief  
Must do its painful part.

The storm of strong temptation, too,  
Must bravely be withstood,—  
And if, throughout, thou standest firm,  
It can but work thy good.

Let us remember, then, who sends  
Our bright and sadden'd hours ;  
And, while we love the sunshine best,  
Still praise Him for the showers.

## Truth.

SO THAT YE PUT ON THE NEW MAN, WHICH AFTER GOD IS  
LIVED IN RIGHTEOUSNESS AND TRUE HOLINESS.—Eph. iv., 24.

he honest, Christian children,  
In every word and deed ;  
Oh, love the truth, and keep it,  
Then you are rich indeed.  
Its purity will hallow  
The precious days of youth :  
Remember, oh, remember,  
The holiness of Truth.

There is an Evil Spirit,  
Who tries to catch away  
This jewel from your keeping,  
And lead you far astray.  
Resist the first temptation,  
Speak not an untrue word :  
Look up for help and guidance  
To your Almighty Lord.



He will give strength to conquer,  
However hard the strife;  
Only be brave, and wrestle  
As for your very life.  
For if you lose this treasure,  
Who can restore anew  
The blessing you have forfeited,  
A conscience light and true?

One false word casts a shadow,  
Like clouds before the rain,  
And nothing but confession  
Will make all clear again.  
Dear children, if this shadow  
Should ever fall on you,  
Disperse it in a moment;  
Have courage to be true.

Confess your sin ;—the effort  
Will bring its own reward :  
Your conscience will be lighten'd,  
Your peace of mind restored.  
Let not a falsehood darken  
*The sunny days of youth :*  
*Remember, oh, remember,*  
*The holiness of Truth.*

### The Faded Flower.

'WHOSOEVER DRINKETH OF THE WATER THAT I SHALL GIVE HIM  
SHALL NEVER THIRST.'—John iv., 14.

Some wild anemones of spring  
Were gather'd fresh and fair,  
And placed within my room to give  
Their store of blessing there.

I gave them water in a vase,  
And raised above the rest  
One that, in form and colour, seem'd  
The fairest and the best.

They bloom'd in beauty, every one,  
Except my favourite flower :  
Alas ! it was too high to share  
The water's quickening power.

And soon it hung its drooping head,  
As smitten in its pride :  
The fairest of my woodland friends  
For want of water died.

It said,—if ever flower could speak,—  
“Oh, look, and learn of me ;  
All Christian graces wither too,  
Without humility.

“The heavenly water which sustains  
Your spirit day by day  
Is given to the lowliest,  
Who kneel and humbly pray.

“But if, by your uplifted heart,  
That boon is put aside,  
Be sure that you will share my fate,  
And perish through your pride.”

---

### **The House of Prayer.**

“THE LORD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE.”—Hab. ii. 20.

With gentle, reverent step,  
Approach the house of prayer :  
Remember, Christian child,  
*The Lord, thy God, is there.*

Kneel down, and close thine eyes,  
And lift thy thoughts above,—  
Ask for a blessing first  
From Him whose name is Love.

Then in His service join  
With undivided heart :  
In tones subdued and low,  
Take thine appointed part.


Join in the hymn of praise,  
Join in the words of prayer,  
Remembering, all the time,  
The Lord, thy God, is there,—

The same, who, when on earth,  
Loved children such as thee,  
Who took them in His arms,  
And bless'd them tenderly.

He waits to bless thee now,  
In His own house of prayer:  
Be thankful, Christian child,—  
The Lord, *thy* God, is there.

## The Spirit of the Morning.

"JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."—Palm xxx., 5

 He cheerful in the morning,  
And greet the opening day  
With tuneful voice and sunny smile,  
And spirits light and gay.

No fretfulness in rising,  
No cross repining words,  
Or we shall be rebuked indeed  
By flowers and singing birds.

These welcome in the morning,  
Each in its own sweet way :  
With brightest looks and merriest songs,  
They hail the new-born day.

And shall not *Christian* children,  
With thankful hearts, awake,  
To echo back the harmonies  
Which Nature's children make?

### The Narrow Way.

"I AM THE LORD THY GOD WHICH TEACHETH THEE TO PROFIT,  
WHICH LEADETH THEE BY THE WAY THAT THOU SHOULDEST  
GO."—Isaiah xlviii., 17.

Take the right way, however hard  
Or wearisome it be ;  
There is a Friend to help thee there,  
A voice to comfort thee ;

An arm so strong, it will protect  
From every cruel foe,—  
So gentle, it will bear thee up  
In hours of pain and woe ;

A voice so kind, it will sustain  
Thy spirit in distress :  
"Fear not, for I am with thee still,  
To comfort and to bless."

Oh, those who in a troubled hour  
Have lean'd upon that arm,  
Who know the power of that still voice,  
To soothe them in alarm,

Will not forego the loving care  
Of such a faithful Friend,  
Will follow in His steps, and trust  
His guidance to the end.

Then suffer not thy feet to tread  
Upon forbidden ground :  
Keep the right path—in that alone  
True safety may be found.

Another way perchance appears  
More pleasant to the eye ;  
But trust not to thy feeble sight—  
Its end is misery.

It may not seem to take thee far  
Out of the narrow road ;  
But, oh, beware of the first step  
That leads away from God !

## The Child and the Harebell.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD."—Matt. vi., 28.

CHILD.

Little harebell, fragile flower,  
Thou art passing fair ;  
Wherefore is thy dwelling-place  
On the mountain bare ?

It is hard to live alone  
By the world unseen ;  
Thou so very beautiful,  
Fit to be a queen !

Autumn's winds are bleak and cold,  
Autumn's skies are dreary ;  
Summer days would suit thee best,  
Sunny skies and cheery.

Thou art not of sturdy growth  
Like the purple heather :  
How canst thou, poor flower, endure  
Stormy wind and weather ?



## HAREBELL.

I am happy, little child,  
On the mountain drear :  
God has given each his place ;  
He has set me here.

And though far from human ken,  
I am never lonely :  
Think not that we live and bloom  
For man's pleasure only.


When the storm is fierce and loud,  
God provideth for me :  
I but bow my little head  
Till it passes o'er me.

Rest in thy Creator, child,  
In the hour of sorrow :  
He has cared for thee to-day,  
Trust Him with the morrow.

### The faithful Dog.

"ASK NOW THE BEASTS, AND THEY SHALL TEACH THEE."—

Job xli., 7.

 dog may many a lesson give  
To his superior, Man ;  
For does not good example preach  
Better than mortals can ?

I met old Neptune wearied quite ;  
His steps were homeward turn'd ;  
And much he long'd for the repose  
Which he had fairly earn'd.

I tried to tempt him on again  
To bear me company ;  
But my caresses were in vain—  
He would not follow me.

Hark ! now another well-known voice  
Upon his ear doth fall :  
His brightening eyes reveal at once  
*It is his master's call.*

And see, he turns—the late fatigue  
Is thought upon no more,  
And he has given up the rest  
So coveted before.

No selfish thoughts deter him now,  
No weariness impedes ;  
With willing step he follows on  
Where'er his master leads.

Oh, may I learn of thee, good dog,  
To know my Master's call,  
And, though it lead in weary paths,  
To follow Him through all !

---

### Trust.

"I WILL TRUST, AND NOT BE AFRAID."—Isaiah xli., 2.

**I** will not be afraid at night,  
When all alone I lie,  
And darkness takes the place of light ;  
For God is nigh.

His sheltering arm supports my head,  
And lovingly He keeps  
A constant watch around my bed ;  
God never sleeps.

I will not be afraid of death  
Whenever it draws near ;  
Christ will receive my parting breath ;  
Why need I fear ?

Has He not promised to prepare  
A place for me in heaven ?  
And He will come and take me there ;  
His word is given.

Then one thing only will I fear,—  
The very thought of sin :  
Give me, O Lord, a heart sincere,  
And peace within.

Preserve me from the tempter's power,  
Be nigh to succour me ;  
And give me wisdom, hour by hour,  
*To trust in Thee.*

### Responsibilities.

"CAST YE THE UNPROFITABLE SERVANT INTO OUTER DARKNESS."

—Matt. xxv., 30.

Have you read of the servant who hid in the  
earth

The talent his master had given,  
When, by diligent use, to redouble its worth,  
He ought to have faithfully striven?

My child, you have talents,—God gave them to  
you,

And will surely require them again :  
Take care not to waste them ; if ever so few,  
Let them not have been given in vain.

You have *speech*; then remember to watch your  
words well,

And let them be gentle and kind ;  
It may seem a small matter, but no one can  
tell

The comfort a word leaves behind.

You have *time* ; every minute and hour of the  
day

Is lent by your Father in heaven :  
Make haste to improve, ere it passes away,  
This talent so graciously given.

You have *influence*, too, though it seems very  
small,

Yet, in greater or lesser degree,  
You affect the improvement and comfort of all  
With whom you may happen to be.

And the child who in earnest endeavours to live  
As an heir of eternity ought,  
By his silent example a lesson may give,  
Which by words he could never have taught.

Then consider the talents entrusted to you,  
And may they be duly improved ;  
Let your service be hearty and free, as is due  
From children so greatly beloved.

### Our Christian Name.

"I HAVE CALLED THEE BY THY NAME; THOU ART MINE."

—Isaiah xliii, 1.

Long before our infant voices  
Could be taught to frame a prayer,  
To God's house our parents took us,  
To receive His blessing there.

As on earth the Saviour kindly  
Bless'd those little ones of old,  
So He gently smiled upon us—  
Gather'd us within His fold.

We are His, and His for ever,  
If our Shepherd we obey,—  
If we strive to keep the promise  
Made on our baptismal day.

Oh, how sweet to call Him "Father!"  
And to know that even here  
We are members of His household,  
Nurtured in His faith and fear!

ay we live as Christian children !  
May it be our earnest prayer,  
aily to become more worthy  
Of the Holy Name we bear !

---

### The Spirit of Christ's Children.

BY WE KNOW THAT HE ABIDETH IN US, BY THE SPIRIT  
WHICH HE HATH GIVEN US."—1 John iii., 24.

Cheerful and happy  
Thy children should be,  
Ever confiding,  
Dear Saviour, in Thee.  
No trial or danger  
We ever need fear,  
Since all turn to blessings  
When Thou, Lord, art near ;  
And sorrow itself  
Is a friend in disguise,  
If it make us more holy,  
More trusting, and wise.



**THOUGHTS IN VERSE**

Loving and lovely  
Thy children should be,  
Evermore striving  
To imitate Thee,—  
Soothing the weary,  
Consoling the poor,  
Helping each other  
Life's ills to endure ;  
Caring for all men,  
And leading the way  
To the kingdom where darkness  
Is turn'd into day.

Holy and harmless  
Thy children should be,  
Looking towards heaven  
And leaning on Thee ;  
Faithful in duty,  
And earnest in prayer,  
Willing the cross  
Of the Saviour to bear ;  
Shrinking from nothing  
Which ought to be done,  
Nor wishing for rest  
*Till the victory's won.*

## The Skylark.

SEEK THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE ABOVE."—Col. III., 1.

Upward, ever upward,  
Singing as he flies,  
Does not yonder skylark  
Bid my soul to rise?  
Bid me on faith's pinions  
Pierce the clouds of sight,  
And to realms of glory  
Take an upward flight?

Singing, ever singing,  
Tuneful notes of praise,  
May I strive to follow  
In the skylark's ways!  
Prizing much the treasures  
Of my earthly nest,  
Yet above them rising  
For more perfect rest!

### The Up-hill Path.

"COME YE, AND LET US GO UP TO THE MOUNTAIN OF THE  
TO THE HOUSE OF THE GOD OF JACOB; AND HE WILL :  
US OF HIS WAYS, AND WE WILL WALK IN HIS PATHS."—  
II, 3.

Fresher and purer,  
The higher we go,  
The air is less clear  
In the valley below.  
'Tis wearisome climbing,  
But though we may tire,  
Oh, let us mount upward,  
Still higher and higher !

The pathway of duty  
Is often up-hill,  
But happy the children  
Who walk in it still !  
There's pleasure in striving  
To do what is right :  
It makes the heart happy,  
The countenance bright.

As, in climbing a mountain,  
The higher we go,  
New beauties arise  
In the landscape below,  
So, even this world  
Is made fairer by duty,  
And, rising above it,  
We see its true beauty.

Each step brings us nearer  
To Him whom we love ;  
He is drawing us on  
To our bright home above.  
Then let us not linger  
Or faint by the way,  
But heartily strive  
His kind voice to obey.

We are never alone,  
For our Saviour is near,  
To help and to guide us,  
To counsel and cheer :  
He will give us the strength  
That our souls most desire ;  
Then let us mount upward,  
Still higher and higher.

## Thanksgiving in Sickness.

"I WILL BLESS THE LORD AT ALL TIMES."—Psaln xxxiv., 1.

Let me praise the great Creator,  
 Who in mercy makes me ill :  
 Oh that I could meekly suffer  
 In obedience to His will !  
Hallelujah !  
 Praise the Lord who loves me still !

God, the Father, watches o'er me,  
 Full of pity and of love ;  
 He has sent this pain to make me  
 Fitter for His home above.  
Hallelujah !  
 Help me now my faith to prove.

Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour,  
 Who was crucified for me,  
 Stands beside my bed, and whispers,  
 " Bear this cross awhile for me."  
Hallelujah !  
*Blessed Lord, I rest on Thee.*

God, the Holy Ghost, is with me,  
Bringing soothing thoughts to mind,  
Holy promises of Scripture,  
Promises so good and kind.

Hallelujah !

Make me to Thy will resign'd.

Help me Lord, to praise Thee always,  
Even in the midst of pain :  
If it draw me nearer to Thee,  
All my sickness will be gain.

Hallelujah !

Lord, my fainting strength sustain.

## Prayer.

"LET US LIFT UP OUR HEART WITH OUR HANDS UNTO GOD IN THE  
HEAVENS."—Lam. iii. 41.

**G**h, bend the knee in prayer, my child,  
To God who reigns on high :  
He sees you from His heavenly throne,  
And loves you tenderly.

Pray for the pardon of your sins  
Through Christ's most precious blood ;  
Pray that each day you may become  
More holy, pure, and good ;

That in His service you may spend  
The precious days of youth,  
Still walking in the pleasant ways  
Of holiness and truth.

And tell Him all your hopes and fears,  
Your little sorrows too :  
He is the kindest comforter,  
*And He will comfort you.*

Has He not bid you cast on Him  
Your every grief and care ?  
Then think no trifling pain too small  
To bring to Him in prayer.

But pray not for yourself alone ;  
Think of your parents dear,  
Brothers and sisters, and kind friends,  
Who love you far and near.

For those who are in misery,  
With God your Father plead,  
And for the poor who have no friend,  
To help them in their need.

God knows the secrets of your heart,  
He sees your every thought ;  
And He will give you grace to pray  
And serve Him as you ought.



### The Beauty of Creation.

"AND GOD SAW EVERYTHING THAT HE HAD MADE, AND, BEHOLD,  
IT WAS VERY GOOD."—Gen. i. 31.

The earth is full of blessing,  
There's beauty everywhere ;  
And He who made the universe  
Has made it good and fair.

The wild flowers in the hedge-row,  
The blossoms on the trees,  
The radiance of the summer sun,  
The freshness of the breeze.

The hoar frost in the winter,  
The crystals pure and bright,  
Created in their loveliness  
In one brief winter's night.

The mountains and the valleys,  
And the deep, unfathom'd sea,  
With all its rippling waves that play  
And dance about with glee.

There's beauty in the lightning  
Which flashes quickly by,  
And in the fleecy clouds that flit  
Across the bright blue sky.

There's beauty in the lustre  
Of every twinkling star;  
The colours of the rainbow, too,  
How beautiful they are!

We gaze in silent wonder,  
And murmur reverently,  
"If this world is so very fair,  
Oh, what must heaven be!"

### The Hidden Star.

"THOU DIDST HIDE THY FACE, AND I WAS TROUBLED."

—Psalm xxx., 7.

A child sat in a darken'd room  
Her heart was full of grief :  
The bitter tears had ceased to flow ;  
They had not brought relief.

It seem'd as if no comforter  
Could soothe her deep distress,  
For death had visited that home,  
And left her motherless.

Weary and spent, she tried to lift  
Her heavy thoughts above ;  
But it was hard in that dark hour  
To feel that " God is love."

She raised her eyes, and lo, a star  
Was twinkling through the gloom,  
As if it fain would give some light  
*In that sad, cheerless room.*

She look'd until a heavy cloud  
Quite hid it from her sight ;  
E'en then she knew the star was there,  
Still giving forth its light.

She knew it still was shining on,  
Though hidden from her view :  
It was a type of love divine,  
Obscured, yet ever true.

Though clouds may hide it for a while,  
The clouds of grief and sin,  
God's children trust Him in the dark,  
And they have peace within.

So to the heart of that young child  
Came comfort from above :  
The hidden star reminded her  
To trust her Father's love.

And all things that we see around,  
When rightly understood,  
Might lead the mind to better thoughts,  
And help us if we would.

### The Secret of Happiness.

"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART."—Matt. v. 8.

We have false gods among us still,  
To whom too many bow ;  
Beauty and wealth, and mental power,  
These are our idols now.

Shadows they are of better things,  
By those alone possess'd  
Who see their Maker in His works,  
And in His love are blest.

There are, to whom the simplest flower  
Will yield a thrilling sense  
Of pleasure such as Eve enjoy'd  
In days of innocence.

The same in kind, but very far  
Removed in its degree,  
We cannot share her perfect bliss  
*Without her purity.*

Oh, blessed are the pure in heart !  
To them alone is given  
To taste at once the joys of earth,  
And the fair hope of heaven.

These are the *wealthy* ; for, in truth,  
A talisman they hold,  
Which, touching nature's common gifts,  
Converts them into gold.

They have a *beauty* of their own,  
Which time will not destroy,  
And *talent* of the highest kind,—  
The talent to enjoy.

### Little Things.

"HE THAT CONTEMNETH SMALL THINGS SHALL FALL BY LITTLE  
AND LITTLE."—Ecclesiasticus xix., 1.

“Oh, it is such a little thing,  
It cannot be worth while :”  
This is the enemy’s device,  
Our spirits to beguile.

We do not know, we may not judge,  
For, in our Saviour’s sight,  
The golden gifts were counted poor  
Beside the widow’s mite.

If flowers and mosses did not grow  
As well as stately trees,  
How much of pleasure we should miss  
From little things like these !

And He who form’d the universe  
Has made each insect’s wing  
So marvellously beautiful,  
*And yet, “a little thing.”*

The great Creator, though His throne  
Is far above the sky,  
Will stoop to hear an infant's prayer,  
And listen to his sigh.

Then, if by kindly look or tone,  
We can draw forth a smile,  
And cheer some spirit's loneliness,  
Is it not worth *our* while?


In climbing up a steep ascent,  
Perchance we may have found  
Some aid from the poor slender stems,  
That trail along the ground.

So little duties, well perform'd,  
Will help the soul to rise  
To heights which those can ne'er attain  
Who little things despise.



## Praise.

"MY HEART GREATLY REJOICETH; AND WITH MY SONG WILL  
PRAISE HIM."—Psalm xxviii., 7.

 Can you number the dew-drops,  
Or waves on the sea?  
So countless and varied  
Are God's gifts to me.

No tongue can describe them;  
The mind is too small,  
And a life-time too short,  
To consider them all.

He has given me life,  
And a reasoning mind,  
A home full of comfort,  
And kindred so kind.

He has given me health,  
And a body at ease,  
With limbs strong and active,  
*To run where I please;*

My speech and my hearing,  
The blessing of sight,  
A heart to be gladden'd  
By everything bright ;

His Word, to prevent me  
From going astray,  
A lamp to my footsteps,  
A light to my way ;

His sympathy always  
In trouble and care,  
The joy of His presence,  
The comfort of prayer ;

The hope that hereafter  
My spirit will be  
From sin and from sorrow  
For ever set free ;

These are mercies indeed,  
But our Father has given  
More proof of His love  
Than the promise of heaven.

Unspeakable goodness !  
He gave His own Son :  
No gift may compare  
With this marvellous one.

Let us think of it often  
With reverent fear :  
May it lead us to trust  
For all needful things here !

And since of His mercy  
No end can be found,  
Since blessing and goodness  
Encircle us round,

Let us spend in His service  
The talents He lends,  
And use to His glory  
The gifts which He sends.

**Honour due to all Men.**

"HONOUR ALL MEN."—1 Peter ii., 17.

**H**onour thy parents, and obey,  
For this is God's command :  
Give them what help is in thy power,  
With willing heart and hand.

Was not thy mother's smile the first  
That met thine infant gaze ?  
Was it not her dear voice that taught  
The words of prayer and praise ?

If any thought of danger near  
Thy childish heart alarms,  
Is not the safest place on earth  
Within a father's arms ?

Then never grieve them, but at once  
Their slightest wish obey :  
A parent's love and tenderness  
Thou never canst repay.

Honour the Queen, and all who bear  
Rule and authority :  
Remember that the powers below  
Are order'd from on high.

See that thou reverence the poor,  
For Jesus loves them well ;  
In poverty, while here on earth,  
He chose Himself to dwell.

And His disciples were not found  
Among the rich or great :  
Our Saviour has made poverty  
An honourable state.


Respect the old man's hoary head,  
His race will soon be run,  
And if his road lead heavenward,  
The crown is almost won.

To little children, like thyself,  
Due honour must be given :  
Are they not members of Christ's Church,  
*And heirs, through Him, of heaven?*

- Then honour all men, even those  
Who live in heathen lands :  
Our Father loves them ; they were made  
By His almighty hands.
- 

### Light in the Distance.

"IT SHALL COME TO PASS, THAT AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE  
LIGHT."—Zech. xiv., 7.

 When a wearisome month of sickness  
My spirit had quite depress'd,  
I watch'd, with relief and pleasure,  
The sun as he sank to rest.

Could it be that the soft bright colours,  
Which tinted the western sky,  
Reflected their own sweet image,  
*And gladden'd my mental eye?*

Or was it that faith suggested,  
In accents of calm repose,  
“The clouds which obscure life’s morning  
Will brighten the day at its close?”

Yes, feelings like these might soothe me,  
But I saw that my Father’s hand  
Had written in golden letters,  
“There is light in the far off land.”









